UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a Perfect Day,
And the end of a journey, too,
And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
And a wish that is kind and true,
For memory has painted this Perfect Day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of the friend we've made.

—*Carrie Jacobs Bond.*

Eugene F. Ware, most beloved as "Ironquill," whose fame rests securely on the "Washerwoman's Song" and who could make as good a coach harness as anybody, is reported in *Collier's* as having had a harness shop in Fort Scott in the sixties. He had a competitor who wrote advertisements in verse, and he had to do the same thing in order to meet competition. By this means he discovered that he "could make rhymes and people would read them," so he kept it up. Does this mean that competition is the life of art as well as of trade?

J. Q. Emery, the valiant, efficient and incorruptible State Dairy and Food Commissioner of Wisconsin, says of Dr. H. W. Wiley, as reported in the *Wisconsin State Journal*:

> I regard him as the ablest authority on food matters in the country, if not inthe world. I believe him a man of sterling honesty, superb courage, one who cannot be bribed, cajoled or hypnotized by the adulterating and counterfeiting food manufacturers and purveyors."

Let such a man be conserved as a most valuable asset in an administration that seeks to hold the confidences of the people.

It hardly seems possible that the United States Senate should again prove itself so dead to the spirit of the age, so blind to the progress of civilization, as to first obstruct and then defeat the International Arbitration Treaty now before it. Great Britain has at last radically crippled if not practically demolished the power of its House of Lords; henceforth they are to be but expensive decorations, troublesome trumpery maintained for appearance's sake. Perhaps the United States must needs get rid of its "House of Lords" before it will be able to keep pace with the growing thought and the noblest impulses of the age.

The building and painting of a church between dawn and sunset and its dedication after candle-lighting of the same day, is a feat worth more than a passing mention. Those who doubt this story will do well to look at the pictures in the *Literary Digest* of August 5. The camera tells no lies. The feat was accomplished in Peoria, Illinois, on last Decoration Day, and it is a comely-looking building that will seat several hundred people. One hundred and twenty-five men were "on the job," and the Carpenters' Union, instead of interfering, sent sixty-six members to join the gang. Much of the material as well as all of the labor was contributed, reducing the cost of the building to $525. We leave our readers to preach the sermon on this text. We suspect it will be something about "unity" and "co-operation," a high "togetherness," etc., etc.

"Changing a Cannibal Tribe into a Model Community" is the title of an illustrated article in the *Congregationalist,* by our whilom neighbor, Sidney Strong, D. D., now of Seattle, Washington. The tribe in question represents a group of Alaska Indians, and the instrumentality that brought about the change is Father William Duncan, now in the seventy-ninth year of his age and the fifty-fifth year of his missionary work in Alaska. This model village has gilt-edge credit with the merchants at Seattle. He and his Indians are all prosperous. He is a Captain of Industry as well as of the salvation of souls. There are other localities not so far away with cannibalistic tendencies that might be modified and transformed by a single worker with the faith and persistency of Father Duncan. A young minister who would accomplish visible and permanent results in any community should set himself to at least a fifty-year task.

It is interesting for us of the United States to look through the eyes of so clear an observer as Professor L. T. Hobhouse, of the London University, who has recently been giving to the editors of the Contemporary Review the impressions received from a recent

visit to the United States. He finds here no evidence of a Democratic failure on a large scale. He finds us "in full revolt against the domination of capital," which once we were supposed to worship. While he finds poverty here, there is none of that "massive and conspicuous kind that forms part of the surroundings of daily life in England." He discovered a "new spiritual activity at work for the purification of politics." This is encouraging. We congratulate Prof. Hobhouse on his insight and thank him for his frankness. The word of encouragement from such a source is very welcome. Let us take fresh courage, spit on our hands and take a new hold of the ropes and pull together right heartily.

The *Congregationalist* for August 5 notices editorially "Three Great Utterances on Unity," looking toward a federation of the Protestant churches. One of these comes from the Episcopalian Bishop of Los Angeles, Cal., another from a leading Baptist statesman of Great Britain, the third from a distinguished Congregational scholar of London. These "notable addresses" indicate to the Editor that an "Era of Publication" has begun. The "Disciples of Christ" have begun to issue a quarterly series of pamphlets to be entitled "Christian Union Library," the Episcopal Commission charged with instituting a world-conference is planning to issue a similar series, while the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches is promoting a similar agitation. Let the good work go on. In the effort to realize co-operation these organizations will slowly but surely beat themselves into the clear as to the true basis of such co-operation, which in the last analysis must be ethical rather than theological. Vital union is to be found in service rather than in creed. Where there is liberty of thought, there is the union of hands and the communion of hearts.

The *Literary Digest* of August 5 has an article on the "Sale of Chinese Hair," evidently designed to allay the anxieties and humiliations of those who must invest in foreign products of this kind. But still, after the best is made of it, these facts remain: In 1907 the export of human hair from Hongkong to the United States was valued at $41,880, while the shipment in 1910 was worth $695,137 in gold, and weighed 576,119 pounds. But the entire Chinese output for that year amounted to 1,300,000 pounds and was valued at over a million dollars. Much of this hair is shipped to Paris, whence it comes to the United States as "finished hair." The demand for "raw hair" seems to be on the decrease. The market has been glutted. Now the demand is for "finished hair." An American "hair expert" has a Hongkong "factory" which employs six hundred men, women and children in making "finished hair"—the switches, the puffs, and the "what-nots" that represent the plus to nature in the beauty of the modern woman necessary in the ladies' toilet all the way from the shop girl to the million-airess. Is it nice to publish these facts? Why should UNITY make itself disagreeable by extending this information?

One wonders whether Kaiser Wilhelm is joking or crazy. Does he expect that this Twentieth Century, tutored by Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, Gladstone and Lincoln will accept him as a ruler from God and, to quote his own phrase, "Instrument of the Master regardless of passing views and opinions?" This is certainly joking or else insanity. Conjuring the shade of Queen Louise of Prussia, he made the "lofty figure" to "teach us that we men should cultivate all the military virtues and always be willing to use them in defense of the country. Above all it teaches us to maintain the enlargement of our army in view of the enormous strides made by our neighbor, for only on being prepared for war does our peace depend." This is a platitude which others less excusable than the Kaiser indulge in. Cannot the King conjure up a still loftier figure, whose shadow falls beyond the lines of the German empire and whose benignity touches the life of the over-burdened peasant who must needs carry these "valiant" soldiers on his back? For these "military virtues" are costly embellishments. Who pays for the buttons and the gold lace? Who feeds these "valiant defenders" of the Lord's King? The hard working peasants in the field, the over-taxed women at the loom. This same Queen Louise, according to this representative of divinity, "teaches the German women that their duties do not lie in participating in public meetings or in securing supposed rights which may enable them to do the same things as men, but in *quiet work at home and in the family.*" Perhaps his Highness will some morning receive a decree from Almighty God, the only Master he recognizes, to reduce the number of his retinue, to discharge some of the women in his court that they may better devote themselves to the "quiet work at home and in the family." Of course the sensible, cultivated, academically trained Germans know that this is foolishness. How long will they permit this conceited military fop to indulge in such bathos before they tell him he is a fool?

Breaking New Ground

Our readers have been informed from time to time of this summer's doings at Tower Hill, but particularly of the Tower Hill School for the Study and Practice of Religion. In another column they will

read this week of the closing sessions. For the sixth time the Summer School program has culminated in a two-day and three-night conference of Wisconsin men and women selected with reference to their interest in the high issues of life.

It is not for us to invade the reporter's function, but so imperative are the conservative forces in life, so exacting are the conventions, so inviting and oftentimes so compelling are the well-worn ruts in our social life, that when a venture is made out of a beaten path it becomes the would-be champions of progress to make the most of it.

John Fiske declared that the conditions most favorable to progress in organic life are those that retain the greatest amount of fluidity consistent with cohesion. Tower Hill is so small, so far away from large interests and so free from the restraint of large bodies that it has been possible for it to try new experiments, to dare without precedent and to do without endorsements.

Tower Hill itself is a social experiment, an attempt to found a summer community in the "woods" that would be a school of preparation without the exhaustion of a school, study classes without the exactions of study, one that, above all, would give systematic work at a place and time when lawlessness is supposed to be the prime condition of a successful "resort." For the twenty-first time this Summer School has been wrought out on these lines. It has taken its regular work, planned not only for the season but for a cycle of lessons seven years long, and we have just finished the first year's work on the fourth way around with a larger constituency and a more sustained interest than ever before, an ethical intensity that has not realized the excitement of exhaustion.

What has heretofore been known as the Tower Hill Woman's Congress was another venture and it has closed its sixth successful session. From the start it has been work "cut out of whole cloth." It was a congress without a constituency, a *de novo* work, with unique methods. There are certain characteristics that have obtained throughout the six years that are worthy of note and that can be enumerated. From the beginning it has been largely a one-woman power product. Miss Lutie E. Stearns, of the Wisconsin Library Commission, is a woman whose work calls her to all parts of the State, puts her in touch with the best elements in each community, and has, perhaps, given her an acquaintance with more men and women of serious mind and high purposes in the State than is given to any other man or woman within the limits of the State. It is probably not saying too much to say that Miss Stearns knows more good, earnest men and women in Wisconsin than any other woman within its boundaries. This "Bishop of Books," "Presiding Elder" of libraries, "Walking Delegate" of reformers, and Deaconess of Culture, has shaped each program with a view of bringing out or bringing forward the work and workers most deserving of sympathy and support in the State. In this spirit from time to time the workers with and for the blind, the deaf, the wayward, the erring, the dependent, the sick and the infirm, have had their hearing. Presidents of women's clubs, professors of the universities, rural and metropolitan preachers, school ma'ams, school masters, and editors have been caught in Miss Stearns' net and brought into the Tower Hill *menu* at one time or another.

This year Miss Stearns tried to round up some farm workers and to face some farm problems. A farmer's wife was heard, and the Skillet Creek Farmers' Club had a spokesman. The interest, always intense, perhaps reached its highest point of interest over the problem of how to socialize the farmer; not on the industrial but on the human side.

The present greed for playgrounds on the part of cities, the present emphasis on directed play, represent logical causes for similar discussions that will end in similar provision for those of the country side.

Perhaps, after all, the difficulty of socializing the intellectual, spiritual and civic interests in rural territory lies in the farmer's effort to imitate the artificialities of the city, which turns night into day. The farmer rises at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. He cannot utilize the hours from 8 to 11 in the evening as the city men and women do, who begin their day's work three or four hours later.

The suggestion was made that perhaps the hours from 11 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon represent the average leisure from the routine work on the farm, particularly in dairy districts, and perhaps the picnic with a purpose, the monthly dinner with a program worth while might be established for eight or nine months in the year in rural communities. Anyhow there were those at Tower Hill last week who have gone home to try it.

Miss Stearns found the Women's Clubs the first material to her hand. They have still been her unfailing resource, but she found her work and workers confined to no such "pent up Utica," and so henceforth sex is eliminated from the name as it has from the start been eliminated from the consciousness. Perhaps here is the beginning of the Man and Woman's Club movement that some of us have been looking for and working for a long time.

We commend to our readers the further information concerning the Tower Hill Congress and the Tower Hill Summer School that will appear from time to time in our columns.

THE PULPIT

Julia Ward Howe's Peace Crusade

By Edwin D. Mead

No one rejoiced more over the great recent advances of the peace movement than Julia Ward Howe. One chapter of the twenty in her "Reminiscences" is entitled "A Woman's Peace Crusade." It deals with an episode in her life too generally forgotten, but is the story of one of the most impressive efforts in a life so crowded with great and noble efforts. It was hardly five years after the close of the Civil War that the terrible Franco-Prussian War broke out; and while it was still in progress, Mrs. Howe tells us that she was visited by a sudden feeling of the cruel and unnecessary character of the contest. "It seemed to me," she wrote, "a return to barbarism, the issue being one that might easily have been settled without bloodshed. The question forced itself upon me,—Why do not the mothers of mankind interfere in these matters, to prevent the waste of that human life of which they alone bear and know the cost? I had never thought of this before. The august dignity of motherhood and its terrible responsibility now appeared to me in a new aspect, and I could think of no better way of expressing my sense of these than that of sending forth an appeal to womanhood throughout the world." She immediately drew up such an appeal, imploring women the world over to awake to their sacred rights and duties to protect human life from the frightful ravages of war. She called upon those women in whose hearts her appeal found response to assist her in calling and holding a congress of women in London, to organize a holy crusade of women against the war system. She had the appeal translated into French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Swedish, and distributed copies of it far and wide, devoting two years almost entirely to correspondence upon the subject with the leading women in various countries.

She held two meetings in New York, at which the cause of peace and the ability of women to promote it were earnestly presented. To the first of these meetings, in the late autumn of 1870, Mr. Bryant came and spoke; and at the second, David Dudley Field, the great advocate of international arbitration, made a powerful address. In the spring of the year 1872, Mrs. Howe went to England to work personally for the holding of a woman's peace congress in London. In Liverpool she was welcomed by Mrs. Josephine Butler, who told her that she had come at a fortunate moment, as the public mind was at the time greatly stirred by the cruel immoralities of army life, and who gave her the names of the Winkworths and other friends of peace in London who would welcome and help her. William Henry Channing was at the time in London, and she had much aid and counsel from him in her "Woman's Apostolate of Peace," as she afterwards named it. Through Channing's good offices she was invited to present her cause at the public banquet of the Unitarian Association in London, at which Sir John Bowring and Athanase Coquerel were also present. She had already attended the anniversary meeting of the English Peace Society, and had asked for permission to speak there, which had been denied her on the ground that women had never spoken at these meetings. Finding but little encouragement from existing societies in London, she decided to hire a hall on her own account for Sunday afternoon meetings. She found one that suited her at the Freemasons' Tavern, and there she spoke on five or six Sundays, with a good attendance throughout. Meantime she came into touch personally in England with Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Clough, Mary Carpenter, and other noble women. She went to see the Duchess of Argyll, who received her pleasantly, but did not interest herself much in the plan for a woman's peace congress, and reminded her that St. Paul had said, "I suffer not a woman to teach." She replied, "Yes: but remember in another place he says that a woman may prophesy wearing a veil." She received many invitations to address meetings in various parts of England, and spoke in Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, and Carlisle. She went to Cambridge and visited Professor J. R. Seeley, the famous author of "Ecce Homo," who lent a kind ear to her plea for a combination of women in behalf of peace. Before the beginning of her Sunday services in London she went to Paris, by invitation of Aaron Powell of New York, to attend a peace congress as a delegate. She presented her credentials and asked leave to speak. With some embarrassment she was told that she might speak to the officers of the society when the public meeting was adjourned, and in a side room she simply told the story of her endeavors to enlist the sympathies and efforts of women in the cause. She felt the whole tone of the congress to be timid, and her stay in Paris was brief.

Her final meeting in London, to which all her other efforts were intended to lead up, was held in St. George's Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright sat with her on the platform, and Sir John Bowring, then an old man, spoke at some length. The attendance was good, but the meeting was by no means what Mrs. Howe had hoped it might be. "The ladies who spoke in public in those days," she says, "mostly confined their labors to the advocacy of woman suffrage and were not much interested in my scheme of a world-wide protest of women against the cruelties of war." Two sisters of John Bright aided her in various ways, and through their instrumentality the money which she had expended in the hire of halls was returned to her. But altogether her peace crusade had but a small measure of the co-operation and success she had hoped for, and she returned disappointed to Boston. Here, however, she did not remit her efforts. She had desired to institute a festival which should be observed as Mothers' Day and be devoted to the advocacy of peace. She chose for this the second day of June, because it was in the season of flowers and a good time for outdoor meetings, and had some success in carrying out the plan. In Boston she held the Mothers' Day meetings for quite a number of years; and the day was also observed in other places, once or twice as far away as Constantinople, and often in places nearer home,—in Philadelphia, certainly, by one association down to ten years ago, if not even to the present time. It seems a sort of prophecy of our present May 18th celebrations.

Some time after her crusade in England, Mrs. Howe joined the American Peace Society; later she

became a member of its board of directors; and at the time of her death she had been for many years one of its vice-presidents. None who were present will forget her two brief addresses at the International Peace Congress in Boston in 1904. One was devoted to emphasizing the thought that the peace movement stood for justice. To her, as to Dr. Hale, justice was the holy word to emphasize; and she rejoiced that the newly established Hague Tribunal would bring this home to the public mind. The other address was a brief rehearsal of the story of her peace crusade in England told at length in her "Reminiscences"; and the story was told again, yet more impressively, in the letter which she sent to the National Peace Congress in New York in 1907, and which was read there, at the great women's meeting, by her daughter, Mrs. Hall. In this letter she speaks with intense feeling of the force of the conviction which impelled her to her peace crusade in 1872. She says: "I cried aloud, 'If the women of the world would unite their efforts to prevent resort to arms, no more blood would be shed upon the battlefield!' I felt this so strongly that it seemed as though I had only to express my conviction to rally around me the mothers of mankind."

Impressively in her letter of 1907 does she emphasize the fact that it was her consuming desire to unite the women of the world in opposition to the war system, which had been the mainspring of her devotion to the higher education of women and the spread of women's clubs. Rejoicing over the great achievements of the generation she exclaimed, "The noble army of women which I saw as in a dream, and to which I made my appeal, has now come into being"; and to this noble army she made her new appeal for decisive service in the last great campaign in the war against war. "If we have rocked the cradle, have soothed the slumber of mankind, let us be on hand at this great awakening, to make steadfast the peace of the world."

It is well for us in this hour, when she has left us, in the time of which, as she truly says, is now ripe for the great peace crusade of women for which the world of 1872 was not ready, to remember again, more gratefully and more seriously, her solemn "Appeal to Womanhood throughout the World." With growing confidence as the years went on she repeated her prophetic appeal; and it is now for the women of America, whom she believed at last equal to the task, to obey the call and fulfill the prophecy. I should be glad to see a portrait of Mrs. Howe hung in Faneuil Hall, as I should be glad to see a statue of Dr. Hale—not as a lame old man, but in the inspiring fullness of his powers—in the right public place in Boston. But the most fitting memorial of such inspiring leaders is always some great activity which perpetuates their inspiration. I should like to see the American Federation of Women's Clubs, I should like to see the National Council of Women, lead in the creation of a Julia Ward Howe Peace Fund of a hundred thousand dollars,—I wish that it might be ten times that, and I wish that the England to which she went on her holy crusade might share in the work,—to be used, under the direction of the noble leaders of the organized women of America who have caught her vision, in carrying out the high purpose which was nearest to her heart.

When Mrs. Howe died, her old-time friend and co-worker in the cause of freedom and the cause of peace, John T. Trowbridge, wrote these lines:

She sang the Battle Hymn that rings
Down the long corridors of time;
Her lifelong human service sings
Of Peace, an anthem more sublime.

Beneath her portrait in the report of the great New York Peace Congress are printed the following lines by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, with motive almost the same:

Lady who lovest and who livest Peace,
And yet did'st write Earth's noblest battle song
At Freedom's bidding,—may thy fame increase
Till dawns the warless age for which we long.

Her fame is secure. It is for the women of America, to whose advancement she devoted her life, to perpetuate and extend her influence in the directions which to her were most important and most imperative.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Child Protection in Hungary

PART I.

In the last few years much has been written about the care of children in Hungary on the part of the Government, in fact so much has been said and written about the system and organization that it would almost seem that every one that is interested in the welfare of children knows about the same. However, the author endeavors in a cursory and as compact a manner as possible to describe, first, the Hungarian system for the care of children in connection with poor laws in Hungary, the carrying out of same, and, finally, the results or success of the system.

The right to obtain public aid or charity in Hungary is defined by Article XXII of the laws of the state passed in 1886. According to Provision 145 under the law, the local community, as far as local conditions allow, is bound to care for its poor,—those that are unable to care for themselves.

Where the community is overburdened, it can call for help from the province in which it is situated, and finally can call upon the state for help. Several communities are allowed to unite to help carry the burden in a united effort.

A ministerial order of the year 1889 regulates the temporary welfare duties of the community in whose midst the needy one finds himself when thus stricken, or unable to help himself, whether he belongs to this district or not.

A very important addition and innovation was created by the Article XXI in the year 1898, by means of which the ground-work and foundation was laid for the governmental care of children. By means of the new law there was established a fund for the care of the sick throughout the country. This fund was secured by a five per cent. addition to taxes and the amount is determined yearly by the parliament. Out of this money, thus obtained, the care of women that have been confined in hospitals, also their children, is paid for. Children that have been found or have been declared forsaken by the proper authorities, are cared for up to their seventh year from these moneys.

After this time, children declared forsaken are turned over to the communities having jurisdiction, to be looked after until their fifteenth year.

Several changes and additions and interpretations to laws, as described above, have been made, so that

in 1907 we have the laws that regulate the care of neglected and mistreated children.

According to provision, first foundlings, children declared forsaken, have a right to be admitted in any state institution for children. As forsaken children are considered all children under fifteen years without means, who have no one that is capable and in duty bound to care for them and educate them, and for whose care and education relatives, charitably inclined, charitable institutions or societies do not properly look after. The final determination of Forsaken depends on the proper authorities.

The community in which the child lives must see that the proper authorities act. Where it is not possible to determine where the child belongs, the community in which the child is found acts through its institutions. Through the action of the proper authorities, the child is then admitted into the State Children s Asylum. But a shorter procedure is allowed under the law. In case of necessity, or in very urgent cases, a provisional admission is ordered by the Judge of the Court, the Mayor of the City, or by order of the Medical Director of the Asylum.

The importance of this provision is proved by the fact that the majority of admissions to the Asylum are through the Medical Director.

Provisional admissions, however, are all passed on by the proper authorities in due time, that is by the Juvenile or Orphans' Court, and to this Court is also the power relegated to determine the status of the child, whether forsaken or not.

The manner of procedure to place a child in an Asylum is for the parents, guardian, or the community, or any person, to make application to the Asylum Director. Older children frequently apply in person for admission. On the admission of the child a careful and thorough protocol or history sheet is made out. This is of use further when the court passes on the case. By certain stipulation of the law the community has to take complete and full care of the child until admitted to the Asylum.

The law makes distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children, and this I wish particularly to make clear.

Provision 10.—Whether the conditions of being forsaken and the necessity of reporting same are applicable is determined by the proper community authorities as soon as they are notified of the birth of an illegitimate child by the proper officer. Minors of this class, whose father and mother are dead, are to be looked after as soon as notices of death are received. The whole circumstances are investigated and a thorough report written out and made. If these orders were always carried out in the proper way the illegitimate child would receive the proper care and attention and have a much better chance to live. At any rate it would be under the State's supervision from the first day of its existence.

It is just as easy to release a child from an Asylum as it is to take it up. It is left in large measure to the Asylum Director, his work being passed on by the proper Court authorities.

What happens to the children that are taken under the protection of the state? The rule is that every child, if it be but for a few hours, enters an Asylum. Exceptions to this rule are all governed by law. Such are, great distances to an Asylum, bad weather conditions or sickness on the part of child. The Asylum Director has authority to act in such matters.

After being received into an Asylum the child remains there as long as circumstances require. For nurslings, the rules are precise and determined. The nursling is to be raised at the breast, except where the mother cannot nurse her child and where health considerations forbid a wet nurse. Every mother whose child has been taken into the Asylum is compelled to nurse her child as long as its health requires it. If the child is given to a wet nurse for reasons, the mother is required to wet nurse some other child for a period of two months. During this time she is paid by the Physician-in-Chief a certain fixed sum minus the outlay for feeding her child. The children not admitted into an Asylum or any of the State institutions are placed in the care of foster mothers in the State colonies.

This measure follows from the idea of giving the child what it lacks, the family care. The Asylums should be the center or central point of welfare districts and also institutions for the care of children that require institutional care. On the whole, however, the State prefers to place the children under its protection in single families in the country under the supervision of physicians, and, more recently, under the supervision of district nurses.

A fundamental principle of the Governmental protection of children in Hungary is the provision that the child is not to remain with its mother. An exception to this rule is one to protect the nursling.

The ministerial order in Provision 28 speaks of providing quarters for the nursling by the mothers and in Provision 29 providing quarters with the mother. Under provision 28 arrangements have been made by the Asylum Director with the mother to care for child during and for a short time after nursing period. The mother receives remuneration from the authorities, which, however, is not to exceed three-fourths of the regular fee of a foster mother. This form of protection for nurslings is nothing less than nursing premium or fee and has been introduced into other communities and countries.

In Hungary, from the very start of this form of protection, it was always associated with the stipulation that the children should be constantly under the supervision of a physician.

At the end of the nursing period, the mother can take the child to herself, free from governmental control, where otherwise the child would have to remain in an Asylum or be given to stranger's care. What is perhaps of greater importance is the placing of the child with the nursing mother in a strange family. This is done where the mother is without home or shelter and where the child does not require Asylum protection or care. Through this action the mother is enabled to nurse and care for her own child.

This procuring quarters for mothers and children is confined to proper colonies and particular care and attention is paid in selecting the families to receive the same. The mother can be required to do light work not of an exhausting nature.

Only in the two conditions just explained and only as long as the nursing period lasts, does the child remain with its mother. In all other cases the child is taken from the mother and placed in the care of a strange family.

The law also provides for the selecting of the proper districts or colonies and particularly the nursing foster mother in a manner suited to its purpose that is typical and is applicable in all conditions.

The Chief Medical Director of the Asylum has to pick out the proper foster parents for each child. The foster mother must bring a certificate, signed by the head of the community in which she resides and also by the colony physician, which must prove the following: That she is healthy; that she has a home of her own consisting of rooms and kitchen; that these rooms are not overcrowded and are not unhealthy for the child. Furthermore must be proven how many children she has had, how many children are living, whether her financial condition is such that she is dependent on what she receives from the authorities for the care of the child for existence, and, finally, whether she has ever taken care of strange children, and with what success. She must also bring a certificate of upright character and a blameless life.

No one is allowed to act as foster parent that has ever given one of his or her children to the care of State institutions. If a foster mother wishes to take a child to nurse, a further certificate from the colony physician is necessary, declaring that she is capable of nursing and that she is not pregnant, that her own child is six months old and can be weaned, or that the child is dead. Her own child must be weaned before she can take a child to nurse, or before one is given her. The same rules apply to nursing foster mothers that are in vogue for foster mothers, with the exception that an unmarried mother can be given a child to nurse.

We have now to consider another form for the welfare of children and that is the Family Colonies. These colonies are for children from seven to fifteen years. From ten to twenty boys or girls are sent to one family colony. For the head of a colony teachers are first considered. The children besides their schooling are to be busied with house duties. These family colonies are as yet but few and far between.

All the ordinances and directions are clear, positive and practical. The troubles increase on the question what becomes of the children after leaving the protection of the State? The law says that children, taken up under the protection of the State, arriving at the age of fifteen years, are released from the society of Governmental children protection. This is the letter of the law, but not the spirit of the law.

In Provision 54, it states that the Chief Medical Director of the Asylum is in duty bound to use his utmost endeavors and all means and ways at his command to look out for the future of the child that has reached his fifteenth year, and to place him in some good family, on a farm, in some industry, in a commercial house, in some charitable institution or in care of some society.

The Governmental children protection association has the moral obligation right from the start to look out that the child, when it reaches its fifteenth year, is not thrown out on the world unable to protect him or herself, perfectly helpless or unprepared for the future. This protection must be honest and upright. The Asylum would not be doing its duty to the child if it at the end of fifteen years it returned the child to its mother, who had left the Government the care and expense of raising the child. For the same reason the child must not be given to its guardian. Nor would it properly carry out its high functions by turning the child over to the local home authorities. The child must not even be sent out to do servants' duties or be allowed to work in factories.

The wish of the country inspectors, in fact, the wishes of parties participating, is that the child, after reaching its fifteenth year, should remain in the family of its foster parents and if possible should learn farming or some trade. This is essentially the practical part of the system. To me it seems an excellent practical work, elaborated in all its minute detail.

With the conception "Forsaken," as determined by the Law of 1901 and through further elaboration in the Law of 1903, there was tacitedly understood an abandoned child. These children are placed in three classes; first, children under fifteen years that have not committed any crime, but are abandoned,—second, children that have committed a crime or misdemeanor, but have not reached the age of twelve years,—third, children between twelve and fifteen years against whom the properly constituted authorities have commenced proceedings for crimes or misdemeanors.

In all three categories the executive board has to inquire first, whether any of the children are forsaken. In such a case, when under Category 1 and 2, the child is sent to an Asylum Governmental. This occurs also when it is determined that the child is not forsaken, but in consequence of its environment is bound to become morally ruined, or is ruined. Those coming under Category 3 are placed under the control of the Governmental protection for children. All these children, for the purpose of strict control and training, education, etc., are placed in foster families or given foster parents by the heads of the Governmental Asylums. If this does not accomplish the end, they are placed in suitable Governmental institutions.

By transferring these children (forlorn and forsaken) to the Asylums, a great burden was placed on these institutions and in a following chapter we will see how their institutions have been prepared to carry on this work and the success attained.

ERNEST LACKNER, M. D.

Tower Hill Notes

The closing days of the Summer School brought the message and the climax for which the earlier days were a preparation. The Nature work and the studies in Music will receive attention in a later issue at the hands of those more adequate to interpret them.

The Class in Religion spent the last week in a study of laws, their beginning, the Commandments of Moses amplified and brought down to date, and the more ancient Code of Hammurabi. The Ten Commandments were classed under two heads, our relations to God and our relations to man, making up the two tablets of the Mosaic law. But these two tablets, while abundantly adequate to the simple primitive age which brought them forth, are insufficient for the complex life of today, which is slowly learning its new lesson of co-operation, and whose largest word is "Brotherhood." For this a civic code is needed, a third tablet to voice the new social consciousness which is being evolved among men of today. This new consciousness is inquiring into such fundamentals as the ownership of the earth, the sources of wealth, the

causes and cures of poverty, ignorance and crime, and the relations to one another of bodies of men and of nations, as well as of individuals.

There was no break between these studies and the deliberations of the Woman's Congress, which for the sixth time closed and crowned the sessions of the Summer School on Tower Hill.

Most of the delegates arrived Friday night in time for the opening session, which was marked by Miss Stearns' address on "What is Happening in the American Home," an address which grappled in sincere, earnest fashion with the hot problems of the home, which are the pressing problems of the nation. This address gave the keynote to the Congress, whose fitting motto might have been, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

It is hoped that some of the Congress papers may be available for the pages of UNITY in the near future, and we can give them but a word in passing. The list of topics was thought-provoking. Among others notable for a clear grasp of the situation were the address of Wilbur C. Phillips, Secretary of the Milwaukee Child Welfare Commission, Mr. C. J. Galpin's "Survey of a Rural Community," the Rev. J. H. Bullock's "What One Community is Doing for Civic Betterment,"—the community was Richland Center, a town which has lived four years without a saloon, and its men of affairs bear witness that business is better now than ever before.

The Sunday morning sermons were preached by the Rev. F. A. Gilmore, of Madison, and Dr. A. S. Crapsey, of Rochester. The former revealed an insight into boy life and character which suggested short range study in a home. The latter was the fitting and perfect climax to our studies in religion during the past four weeks. Using Paul's text, "Lay Hold on Eternal Life," the speaker began with the human embryo and unfolded the philosophy of evolution, simple and yet most satisfying. His postulate that the entire life process from cell to Shakespeare is but a process of selection, together with the twin axiom that neither cell nor Shakespeare could select an atom physical or spiritual which was not there to be selected, seemed to at least one listener to contain the kernel of the whole question of heredity and environment, while its relentless logic and graphic illustration—dare I say it?—placed the address in a class with Emerson's Essay on "Fate."

The weather failed to do its part and the rain and downpour of Saturday night and still more the threatening clouds of Sunday morning reduced the audience to its minimum, but the afternoon relented and the Emerson Pavilion was well filled for the noble service in memory of a noble woman, Julia Ward Howe. The address was given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, but it is not for UNITY to award it its fitting meed of praise.

The principal evening address was by Mr. Bert Hall, Superintendent of the Big Brother Movement in Milwaukee, whom the Chairman fitly characterized as the "Ben Lindsey of Milwaukee." No report could reproduce or even suggest the manly charm of this address, and no one who listened could fail to be moved by its sympathy and insight into the life of the boys of the under world. In a similar line Rev. Lyman Ward told us of his work among the depressed families in Alabama, and the Congress closed with heartfelt words of congratulation and farewell.

It was in everybody's heart that this was the best Congress yet, not necessarily so much in the character of the individual addresses,—for we cannot forget the high mark of last year's session,—but in the *ensemble,* the spirit, the high resolves, the "togetherness." Surely, no one can have gone away without a quickened heart, a strengthened purpose, a higher consecration.

It would be a pleasure to do justice to the chairmanship of Miss Stearns, who presided with rare grace and insight and ready wit; but then, she was just Miss Stearns, only, if possible, more herself than ever. Miss Stearns, at least in Wisconsin, is coming to be a marked woman, one of those who are slowly but surely making it unnecessary for women to demand the rights and privileges which will be accorded by common consent when such as she shall have become the majority and not the exception.

From Brook Farm up and down, there have been many attempts, more or less successful, at community living and serving, but here under the trees, where the paid labor was inadequate to the increased strain of providing for the temporarily increased population, there was no one unwilling to do the humblest work and there was no line between dish-washing and preaching, no distinction in honor between the work of the little "Pages" who guided the strangers to their cottage homes, or the "Suitcase Committee" that followed with the luggage,—one member of which was an honored minister resident,—and that of the artist who arranged the flowers in the Pavilion with such skill, or that of the musician with violin, piano and voice. The word "Service" consecrated alike the lips of the speakers and the hearts of the listeners.

And here I want to speak of the high service rendered by Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown, the pianist; Miss Edith Brown, the master of the violin, and Miss Maude Essex, the accomplished vocalist, throughout Congress and Summer School. Their selections were drawn from a wide range of compositions and were chosen with a sense of fitness which in every case rendered the music a high addition and an integral part of the program.

Perhaps one of the best things this "Woman's Congress" did was to change its name. With a man for the "Advisory Chairman," eight masculine names out of seventeen on its program, and with everybody on its staff opposed to the separation of woman's work from man's and the creating of lines where there are no distinctions, it at last seemed best to drop the "Woman" out of the name. Henceforth it will be plain "Tower Hill Congress," unqualifiedly and unreservedly devoted to whatever causes appeal to the common interest of men *and* women. Another departure too was decided upon, that of holding the Congress at various places throughout the State other than at Tower Hill on alternate years, thus broadening its influence and reaching out for another and a wider constituency. And the Congress of 1911 closed, not to rest from its labors but to lay hold on the work of the future.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, August 14, 1911.

Each spirit weaves the robe it wears
From out life's busy loom;
And common tasks and daily cares
Make up the threads of doom.

—*Anon.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

This new book[1] of African folk-stories has an introduction by Andrew Lang, which does little for it, as the book stands well on its own merits. His notes and comments on the forty stories are of a shallow sort, while the collection itself is unusually good. Mr. Dayrell presents the stories in a simple and natural way, in plain English with no attempt at dialect. Taken as a whole, the tales give an instructive picture of the mental operations of the dark tellers and supply incidentally a lot of information relative to daily life, social organization and religious practice of the southern Nigerian folk. Parallels to stories of peoples in other parts of the world are of course easily made—Mr. Lang points out various—but the chief attractiveness of such stories after all is in their local form and flavor, or the independent and characteristic elements they contain. "Why the sun and moon live in the sky," "Why the flies bother the cow," "Why the bush-cow and elephant are bad friends" are examples of the explanatory stories found in every part of the world, but they have distinctly African form and character. "The king's magic drum" is analogous to a long list of wealth-producing utensils of European and Asiatic stories and like them, subject to fatal limitations, but the king is a genuine African chief and the drum fits with the juju ideas of the place. "The tortoise with a pretty daughter" and "Of the pretty stranger who killed the king" reflect social facts and attitude of mind. Most readers, of course, will read the book merely for amusement; but it will repay a thoughtful reading and well shows the quick wit and shrewdness of a people lately brought into more active contact with white men than ever before and destined to soon abandon much of their old life and thought.

String figures[2] as made by different peoples have attracted the attention of ethnologists for a score of years, but a distinct impulse has been given to their study by Dr. Haddon's Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits. Thirty different figures were found there among Melanesian tribes. Drawings and descriptions of these were made and the investigation became so interesting that Dr. Haddon and Dr. Rivers worked out an ingenious series of terms whereby description could be so precise as to enable the reader to reproduce and figure with string for himself. In this little book Dr. Haddon's daughter briefly presents some results of study up to date. True, cat's cradle as we know it, involves two players and a series of figures are made in a regular sequence, the players in turn making new figures in the process of removing the old one from his companion's fingers. This form appears to be of fairly recent introduction into Europe from the far East. More commonly string figures are made independently, by single players. Miss Haddon illustrates and describes figures from American Indians, from Melanesians, and from African negroes. Explicit directions are given for their making. A bibliography is given, apparently intended to be complete, although one paper is omitted in which more African forms are given than in the four papers which she mentions for that continent taken together. The book is neatly gotten out and will turn popular attention to these pretty, curious and interesting string designs, the wide distribution of which, ethnically and geographically raised significant questions.

The Ashes of a God[3] is said to be "translated from the original manuscript" and the title page appears to reproduce the Indian title in an ancient script. Whatever its source may be, Mr. Bain tells the story wonderfully well. Though it is a story for reading, it actually breathes the philosophy of India. It is the tale of the effort to become master of one's self, to cut loose from the bondage of objects of delusion and sense. But, "love's ashes are no common ashes; they have in them something of the phoenix; they are always ready to revive." To become master of one's self memory must die—and that is hard. Here is the story of Trishodabhi, who heaped up a mountain of virtue at which the gods trembled; who almost reached *jitatma;* who resisted the temptations of flesh and pleasure; who glimpsed the eternal—but he remembered, was lost,—and the dreary round began again. No presentation of Hindu thought and philosophy could be more strongly, more charmingly put.

Ever since the public learned that the *Letters of a Chinese Official* were not written by a Chinese, it is easy criticism to doubt the paternity of similar works purporting to emanate from Orientals. Nevertheless, your reviewer doubts whether *A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions*[4] was written by a Chinaman. If it was, it is the best piece of English writing by an Oriental that we have seen. In thought, in expression, in argument, it is distinctly Occidental, distinctly English. That a Chinese may have instigated the writing and supplied viewpoint is likely enough; that any Chinese, however much he might like to frame up a clever argument, would go through the peculiar course of reading in Church History, in Theology and in Mission literature, which the writing of this book demands, is well-nigh inconceivable. Whoever wrote the book, it deserves a thoughtful reading. Its fundamental idea, that the Christianity taught in foreign mission fields is a Christianity long since outgrown in the west and which could receive no respectful consideration from intelligent people at home is undoubtedly sound. The author devotes five or six chapters to the general discussion, the balance of the book to special details. He demonstrates the crude and harmful methods, the harmful and baleful effects of such things as emotionalism, revivals and the teachings of diabolism and demonology. He shows how missionaries inculcate unreasonable and harmful superstitions in their prayers, ethics, Sabbath, charms, incantations, church-buildings and bells. With a fair degree of success he aims to present what the actual result of Christian teaching is and must be. The style of the book is vigorous, the argument more than plausible. But the author at times shows unexpected weakness;

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1 *Folk-tales from Southern Nigeria, West Africa.* Elphinstone Dayrell. New York, Bombay and Calcutta: 1910. Longman's, Green and Co. 16°. pp. 159.

2 *Cat's Cradle from Many Lands.* Kathleen Haddon. New York, Bombay and Calcutta: 1911. Longman's, Green, and Co. 16°. pp. xvi. 95.

3 *The Ashes of a God.* F. W. Bain. New York and London: 1911. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16°. pp. xxii. 152.

4 *A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions.* Lin Shao Yang. New York: 1911. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16°. pp. iv. 321.

thus, at the end, instead of uncompromising hostility to the United Universities' Scheme, he expresses friendliness, contenting himself with pointing out certain difficulty and advising certain procedures. The book is fresh and wholesome and should be widely read; every student preparing for work in the foreign mission field owes it a candid and thoughtful consideration.

It is curious that a missionary book, Bishop Tucker's *Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa*,[5] should be the next to fall into my hands after this Chinese Plea. It is interesting how actually it illustrates and gives point to much that the plea condemns. Though the work here described is that of the respectable, sedate, unemotional, established church—we find in it the emotional and unwholesome revivals, the application to converts of unpronounceable Christian names, the replacement of an old magic by a new one, the constant interference in politics. (The work of the C. M. S. (Church Missionary Society) in Uganda has been a work of making and unmaking "kings," of raising up new claimants to thrones, of extending the British Empire, of helping to bring new areas into the position of "protectorates.") Bishop Tucker has a difficult task in condensing the story of so many years into so small space. The work has been successful and the growth of the Uganda church has been phenomenal. As a story of a remarkable mission, it is interesting. It contains astonishingly little information regarding the native life and thought. It reveals a most interesting personal psychology; the Bishop works for the total, the end, the construction; interested only in that, he cares nothing for personal discomfort—nay, glories in it; he is strangely cold and impersonal—neither his English helpers nor his native converts are aught to him as individuals; the one group are necessary tools, the other are stones built into the structure. The book is thus interesting as a presentation of methods, a sketch of work and results, an expression of a devoted life.

FREDERICK STARR.

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5 *Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa.* Alfred R. Tucker. New York: 1911. Longman's, Green and Co. 16°. pp. xvi. 362.

Notes

"The Heart of the Master," by William Burnet Wright, is a presentation of the events of Passion Week vividly told with force of expression and originality of thought. One seeking a fresh, vital interpretation of the events usually ascribed to the last week of Jesus' earthly ministry will find here a book to his liking; a stimulating book to read, especially during Passion Week. There is not a dull page in the 250 that compose the volume. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass., $1.25 net).

"The Evolution of Religion," by William A. Hinckle, M. D., discusses in 150 pages "The Foundation of Faith," "The Evolution of the Bible," "Revealed Religion," "The Evolution of the Trinity," "The Gods That are No More," and "Evolved Religion." The book possesses a certain freshness and unconventionality due doubtless to the fact that the author was trained for another task than that of theology; especially noticeable is the fearlessness with which what the author conceives to be outgrown notions are set aside. Dr. Hinckle manifests a scientific habit of mind and a remarkable familiarity with the best critical works on the history and exposition of Christian doctrines. The style is popular and the book has come to the second edition during the first year since its appearance. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass., $.80 net.

"The Little Old Outlaws," by Anne Archbold Miller, published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, is designated by an advertisement as a compilation of "pretty little verse narratives," presenting some of the lessons of Christian Science. Like the definition of a crab formulated in Huxley's class, the designation of the advertisement is very good except in three particulars, *viz.*, it isn't pretty—except the borders—it isn't verse, and the accounts are not narratives. They are accounts of the naughtiness of two unimaginative children who are posed in the lines as they are in photographs. The dualism which Christian Science curiously protests against and protests against with such persistence as to keep it ever in mind, is clearly in evidence in this book for infant Scientists. It makes the simplest rules of conduct, indeed, appear artificial and of purely arbitrary origin and importance.

I wanted something that would keep me cool and restful. I could think of nothing better than to go back to Jane Austin, Sarah Orne Jewett and Kate Douglas Wiggin. I have read these stories over with delight. There is nothing better for a hammock in the shade than these old New England tales. I think as I have thought before that "Standish of Standish" is not appreciated as yet. We must learn to write history after this model; for history it really is, only told in such a bewitching way that one forgets that history is ever the driest of stuff. I understand that Mr. Markham is going to do some work on the same line, and I am sure that he will do it well. I have not seen his book or books yet. But what a rare power Jane Austin had. Can we breed this sort of historian; one who can see history in the acting, rather than tell it as if it were never acted. Those who give us the story of kings and battles, and those who go to the newspapers and tell us the story of the people are equally at fault. What we want is history vivified; history enacted before our eyes.

E. P. POWELL.

Nothing yet given him or done for him by his fellow ever did any man so much good as the recognition of the brotherhood by the common signs of friendship and sympathy. The best good of given money depends on the degree to which it is the sign of that friendship and sympathy.—*George MacDonald.*

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with the choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music, as I came,
I tune the instrument here at the door:
And what I must do then, think here before."

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RELIGIOUS LIBERALISM IN HOLLAND.

A writer in the *Christliche Freiheit*, the organ of the liberal Christians of the Rhine provinces, gives a pleasant picture of a recent meeting of the Dutch Religious Liberals at Arnheim which he attended.

For a fortnight one might have seen it placarded all over Holland, this invitation to an open-air meeting in the Park of the castle of Doorwerth. Flags and sign-boards indicated where the way to the park branched from the main road. The session was not to begin until half-past two, but at 12 o'clock a great concourse of wagons, autos, cycles and foot-passengers were assembled before the park gates, where a committee preserved order and a squad of boy-scouts acted as guides.

An entrance fee of some eight cents was promptly paid, which included the program of the day's proceedings. Soon the audience was assembled at the meeting-place, a beautiful spot amidst oak trees, one side forming a gentle rise.

Two tribunes for the speakers were erected at a sufficient distance from each other; between them a stage for a quartette of trombone players to lead the singing. Two large sylvan restaurants furnished rest and refreshments, without which last no European can conceive of or enjoy a public gathering of any kind. A special train brought large delegations from Amsterdam and Utrecht.

From a colportage tent young men and women distributed tracts and pamphlets and copies of liberal newspapers, and offered liberal books for sale. Among the titles of these publications were "Why We Are no Longer Orthodox?" "Can You Believe This—?" "Are You Acquainted With the Association in Holland Known as 'The Friends of Freedom?'"

Everywhere among the large and cheerful company the bright uniforms and ready helpfulness of the boy scouts were noticeable. But few clerical costumes were to be seen.

Seven thousand cards of admission had been sold in advance of the meeting. Three thousand more were disposed of at the entrance. The use of the park was kindly granted by its owner.

The great audience now streamed upwards and sat tier on tier in picturesque disorder on the hill-side, a truly impressive spectacle. Peasants, merchants, scholars, workingmen, young and old, men and women; it was a truly democratic and Christian assemblage. And all listened as if the gospel of a new life were being proclaimed to their souls. Above them the great trees cast their shadows, the blue sky arched and sunshine streamed, while the birds twittered and sang. Solemnly the strains of the "Shepherd's Sunday Song" were intoned by the deep-throated trombones. A profound peace rested upon the assembly. Pastor Dr. Haverkamp, of Nymegen, had ascended the first tribune. "Why have we come together under these sunlit skies?" he asked. "Because so many, alas! refused to come into the church. Those for whom the churches and their teachings and ways are too often dark and unwholesome meet here in God's first temple, the forest, to acknowledge and adore him in spirit and in truth." With a mighty unison of voices, led by the trumpet choir, the 68th Psalm, 10th verse, was uplifted. Hereupon ever-new addresses were delivered from the two pulpits by theologians and laymen of the leading Dutch churches, the Reformed Church of Holland, Mennonites, Remonstrants (the Dutch Unitarians), and others. But no sectarian utterances were allowed, no written papers, but all spoke freely and warmly what was in their hearts, on the deeper topics of religion and life. Among other topics may be noted "Is God Dead?" "Is Religion Only the Love of One's Neighbor?" "Good Morals and Religion," "Conscience and Subscription." Familiar hymns were sung from time to time.

The sinking sun glinted through the trees. But the audience seemed never to tire of listening, and when, at the close, the question was put to them: "Shall we meet in this way next summer, and in every year, to promote the ideals of a free and liberal Christian faith?" a mighty chorus of "Yeas," sounded through the forest.

At the same time a similar open-air festival was being held at Heiloo in North Holland. The success of these great summer meetings has given new heart and courage to our Dutch liberal friends and allies. Perhaps they may contain a hint for their fellow-believers in the United States.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

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